THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

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Men and Manners.

THE GENTLEMAN CONJURER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The following are, to my own knowledge, literally facts.

Paying rather a long visit lately to an old gentleman in Nottinghamshire (a distant relation of mine) I was one morning under the hands of the village barber, a lean, grey-headed wight, whose shop was profusely ornamented with those busts and little figures manufactured by travelling Italians, in their own language yclept *figuri*, but in ours announced to admiring dames and children by the well-known cry of 'images! images!' 'finey! finey!' They were so abundant in number, and yet so mutilated and indebted to putty for keeping their heads upon their shoulders, that I could not help putting a question on the subject, when mine operator assured me that he would not change them for the finest figures ever made, not even the Emperor Alexander, or Bonaparte on horseback. An idle, lounging rogue in the hamlet, hearing the sound of "finey!" had concealed himself in a plot of tall beans, and, as the unfortunate *figuriste* passed by, launched at his assemblage of little gaudy men a broomstick, which swept every image to the ground. The poor Milanese stood for a moment in consternation and grief, as motionless as one of his own gypsum heroes, then looked round him, but no one was to be seen. The rascal had skulked down in the beans, and was chuckling in triumph at his exploit. The victim of his wanton outrage, after gazing for a while on the scattered fragments of his demolished charge, sat down on the bank by the way side, and gave full vent to the bitterness of his heart. It would be impossible to enter at all into his feelings, did we not know that he was only one amongst many who leave their own country and connections with the hope of accumulating in this (which rumour has painted to them as almost paved with gold) a trifle which they may return with, and enjoy at home. The fortitude, industry, and abstemiousness which they discover and practice, in pursuance of this object, are astonishing. A solitary individual, a mere boy, often sets out from the neighbourhood of Milan, on a journey on foot across the Alps and through France, with just enough of money, yet all that himself and his family can muster, to cross the straits of Dover. His living is more like that fabled of the camelion, than of a man; for these adventurers are so far from being importunate beggars, that they have a repugnance to receive more than what is absolutely necessary to existence, which has often amazed me. I have seen one, soon after landing in this country, solicit, by signs, a night's lodging in a farmer's barn. He has been offered supper after a walk of thirty miles; a mere mouthful was sufficient. In the morning he has been offered money, "*Non è bis ogna, signore;*" breakfast, "*Non tango fame, signore,*" addio, addio!—and away. When arrived at the place of their destination, they engage themselves as journeymen to some fortunate countryman of theirs, and labour for several years with increasing diligence and parsimony, for wages on which an Englishman would starve, till they have acquired thirty or forty pounds, with which they return, with as much exultation as one of our countrymen would with as many hundreds. The poor fellow first mentioned had arrived in England but a few months before; this was his first perambulation; the articles were his master's, and he had not a penny himself towards making up the loss. In a short time the villagers were all assembled round him; but instead of sympathizing with him, they only laughed at his earnest gesticulations, his outlandish gibberish, and the grotesque scene of ruin in the road; Bonaparte dismounted, Blucher sweeping the dust with his fierce mustachios, Wellington conquered, Alexander dethroned, and flaming parrots and grinning jolly topers mingling their scattered members, mugs and cocked hats, with kings and commanders in this field of bloodless slaughter. But our barber was shocked at their barbarity; the few words he understood, but, above all, the fatal broomstick lying by, convinced him there had been foul play. He cried, "Shame, shame, neebors! to mock a poor furriner a this manner, that canna mak himself understood. Only fancy him one of our own poor lads in a strange country, and then think how ye'd like him to be used; God knows, but plenty of 'em may be of such a fashion now; and nobody can tell what a Christian may come to before he dies." His eloquence prevailed; the women began to say, "Poor young youth!"—the girls glanced at his fine black eyes, sparkling through tears, and tears started into their own. The men ran to search for the villain; he was found, and dragged from his lurking-place to the presence of a magistrate, who ordered him to make ample restitution; but as he was not worth a farthing, and could procure no friend, he was committed to prison. The matter would have ended here; but the barber, thinking the commitment of the offender would not be much comfort to poor Anthonis, who was carrying off his depopulated stage with a sad countenance, ventured to propose to his Worship a subscription for him, and offered to collect it himself. The worthy justice smiled, drew up a paper, and put down, by way of commencement, a figure equal to the value of the demolished army. Every one present added his mite. The fragments, with many a "*ringrazio*" from the Italian, and a flattering compliment from the justice, were given to my friend the barber, who exhausted all his skill in re-uniting severed members, and eyed the crazy group with a more enviable feeling than a conqueror does the bloody field of his victory.

Besides these trophies, he had a variety of old caricatures; John Bull with his brats, and the Corsican conjurer raising the plagues of Europe, while his Satanic majesty held his train, and cried "well done!" "But," said he, "your friend, Mr. Merry, is a conjurer!" "A conjurer!" I exclaimed; "you surprise me!" "What!" said he, starting back with a bound that made me involuntarily clap my hand on my nose as his glittering instrument flashed close past it, "What!" he repeated, as he stood with his head stretched forward, his breast drawn in, his hands elevated on each side of his head, and his kimbo weapon, as it quavered in one of them, sending a jack-a-dandy from the morning sun dancing into the shady corner of the room,—"don't you know that! Then," with an eye sparkling with mingled exultation at his superior information and the pleasure of communicating it, "then you know next to nothing of Mr. Merry! Lord! hav'n't you seen those great old books through the windows of the book-case, all over brass a'most? I'll warrant ye, there's more in them than it would be good, may be, for either you or me to know."

My curiosity was raised to know something more of this; and my narrator, amongst much comment and local history, gave me the following account:—"Mr. Merry, one day, returning from a distant farm of his, met a neighbour, a small farmer, looking carefully in the ditches and bushes in the lane. Inquiring what he had lost, the man, with some hesitation, told him that he had lost his plough, and that he had been to the knowing-man, who assured him, that if he went directly north he would certainly find it. But he had been out all day; had waded several brooks, climbed walls, leapt ditches, and had met with no few dangers from dogs, steel-traps, and angry fellows, on whom he had trespassed, to keep as much as possible in a straight line,—but all to no purpose. 'No,' replied Mr. Merry; 'and if you go to the north pole it will be to as little. I heard of your loss last night, and erected a figure, by which I saw that you must go west, and keep the road; and if you do not find your plough about four miles off, in a briar bush, you shall have one of mine.' The clown, whose credulity would have led him far enough of itself, was overjoyed at the conclusion of the sentence: he made his bow, returned thanks, and went off significantly nodding and muttering to himself, 'Mr. Merry's a long-headed gentleman.' The plough, however, was where he predicted. It was but a few days afterwards, while the wonder of this affair was at its height, that a poor shoemaker in the village was robbed of a one-pound note. It had vanished out of a drawer under his stall, which he both left and found locked. Mr. Merry was immediately applied to. He was sitting after dinner over his bottle with a friend, but he arose, retired to his closet, and in about half an hour returned and marched down to Crispin's house, where he found the whole village assembled in mighty expectation. He entered the shop, which fronted the street, examined the drawer, asked a few questions, then turning to the apprentices and journeymen, he fixed his eye upon one, and begged to know whether he had a key that would open that drawer. The man, who was a new comer, turned pale as death, but it appeared rather from rage than guilt, and furiously replied, 'You might as well say, at once, that *I* took the note.' Merry calmly rejoined, 'I *do* say so.' 'Gi'e me a stick, gi'e me a stick!' cried old Crispin, who took it all for granted; and snatching up a boot-tree, would have levelled the man with the

floor. 'Hold, hold!' exclaimed the spectators, 'let us hear further!' 'I say, young man, you took your master's note, a one-pound note of Smith and Co.'s bank, Nottingham.' 'It was, it was!' reiterated Crispin, and again heaved the boot-tree aloft. 'Hold!' said Merry, 'be calm; do the man no injury.' 'What number was the note?' now asked the trembling culprit. Merry paused: 'That's a matter I have overlooked: keep the man here; I will go and consult my book; you shall know in five minutes.' He went, and returned almost instantaneously: 'It was of *such* a number, and it will be found in a certain mowing-grass field, under three pebbles.' At once Crispin uttered a dreadful shout, and struck at the culprit, but he leapt over his stall, shot through the clamorous crowd, and was gone. The crowd pursued with a terrible uproar, and Merry and his friend pursued with equal eagerness; for they expected no less than his death, if he were caught, and, in fact, they came up but just in time to save him. The enraged throng had seized him; his clothes were literally rent to shreds; his bare head was covered with blood, the consequence of a desperate struggle to escape; and his enemies were just in the act of hoisting him over the bridge, on which they were, into the river. The voice of Merry arrested their hands, and they permitted him to depart. The money was found exactly as described."

This was a wonderous tale to be sure, and I hastened to my friend for a solution: after some joking and equivocation, he told me, laughing, that the plough, as every one must suppose, he had seen about an hour before. For the discovery of the cobler's note, he was, like his brother conjurors, indebted to good fortune. Walking, according to custom, early in the morning to some part of his estate, he had been observing to a neighbour whom he met, that he expected to have all the country about him for intelligence on losses and crosses. At that moment they 'spied the aforesaid journeyman snob busy in a field of mowing grass, and guessing it was for no good purpose, they concealed themselves till he was gone, when they found the note, as above described; made a memorandum of it and left it, well knowing it would soon be missed by somebody.

My friend's reputation was by this stroke of fortune at once established; and his house was crowded with visitors, particularly ladies, to inquire the particulars, and to add a modest hint on the great service his knowledge must be of to his friends. But his purpose was answered; his garden, his orchard, barns, poultry-yard, turnip-fields, and even sheep-walks, which had been plundered in spite of boards exhibiting tremendous threatenings of steel-traps and spring-guns; in spite of hand-bills, and offers of reward by the association for prosecution of felons,—now retained their respective charges unmolested, while the outrageous conduct of the villagers fully justified his avowed determination not to employ his learning in future, except for his own advantage.

Hanley, September 24. W. H.

Natural History.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Although Cuvier, Pallas, and other eminent professors, concur with numberless naturalists in pronouncing the unicorn to be a fabulous animal, yet it is positively affirmed by many, that this strange creature actually exists in the interior of India. In a late number of a periodical publication,* may be found a letter addressed by a traveller to the editor of the *Calcutta Journal*, giving a very minute description of the formation and habits of the unicorn. But ere we take its existence for granted, perhaps we may as well proceed to examine this relation with impartiality; for, however sceptical we may be, still this interesting point demands and deserves a fair discussion.

* Blackwood's Magazine, for November, 1822, p. 660.

The narrator, after some introductory remarks, mentions his discovery of a curious tooth, and a horn, as well as the present of a piece of skin, covered with rough hair, made him by the Rajah of Gentyapour, which, our traveller observes, "is assuredly the skin of a unicorn." It might be inquired what grounds were there for drawing so positive a conclusion; also, whether the horn, tooth, and skin could not have belonged to some of the numerous tribes of antelopes, with which those parts of the world abound?

Our traveller thus proceeds to furnish us with the result of his inquiries:—"The unicorn, to which the natives give the name of *boracrack*, is about the size of an ass; but its head has a particular form, which is somewhat similar to that of the gnou of Africa, the *antelope gnou* of Gmelin. It is above the eyes that the horn is fixed, not perpendicularly on the head, as Pliny says, but, on the contrary, slightly inclined upon the forehead. Its eyes are small and lively; its nostrils wide, and opening laterally; its lips furnished with hairs as rough as those of a brush; and its tongue, which is covered with small horny tubercles, is as extensible as those of the animals designated by Linnæus under the name of manis, Mpentadactyla, tetrad, &c. The ears of the unicorn hang down upon the sides of the head, like those of a spaniel; and its neck is furnished with a thick mane, the hairs of which bristle up when the animal is enraged: its tail is terminated by a large bunch of hair, like that of the zebra and dzigetai, the *equus zebra* of Linnæus, and the Ehemonius of Pallas: the fore-feet are higher than the hind ones, and differ in nothing from those of the common stag. A very extrardinary character which it possesses is, that the hair on the body is placed in a direction contrary to that of other animals." This is also a distinguishing characteristic of the *antelope oryx* of Gmelin, the *pasan* of Buffon; which animal is supposed by many to have given rise to the Egyptian hierogliphical representations of one-horned antelopes.—The ears of the Syrian goats are remarkably long and pendulous; but with respect to unicorns the idea seems to be quite novel, as travellers generally gift them with short and erect ears, and horns pointing forwards. "During the first year, the unicorn is white, spotted with black; during the second year, the spots disappear, and the hair becomes gray; the third year, it varies from sky-blue to metallic green; the fourth, it assumes a yellowish tint; and the fifth, the period at which the animal attains its full growth, its fur is of a bright red, which becomes lighter as age advances, and this in such a manner that the animal's age may be determined with considerable accuracy." Thus, this singular animal seems to possess more changes than the chamelion; and when we hear of *sky-blue* or *metallic green* unicorns, we will have more reason to credit the assertion of that wag, who affirmed the moon to be made of *green cheese!!* Nor is the strength of this animal less remarkable than its colours, since our traveller gravely informs us, that "these animals are furnished with so prodigious a degree of strength in their hind legs that they can without difficulty clear a ditch of *eighty feet!*" If the renowned Baron Munchausen had possessed one of those nonpareils, his posterity would not perhaps have been so much amazed at some tremendous leaps which he took during his excursions.* It is rather difficult to conceive how such an animal could be endowed with sufficient muscular powers to enable it to spring the immense distance of *eighty feet*; but this, as our narrator justly remarks, is not the unicorn's most surprising feature. He furthermore tells us, that "such is their wonderful address in the use of their horn, that, with it, they spit squirrels, rabbits, and partridges, which, together with grass, and the leaves and bark of certain trees, form their habitual food!!!"

It is highly improbable that ruminant and herbaceous quadrupeds ever subsist by preying upon animals and birds, so well caculated for avoiding or eluding them; as well as extremely unlikely that they use their horns for the purpose of *spitting* such active little creatures.—If these three leading and prominent features of colour, strength, and habit do not stamp the whole affair with an air of manifest and palpable absurdity, we will admit that a sky-blue, one-horned, carnivorous antelope has actually an existence; yet, as no direct decisive proof has been advanced, but, on the contrary, most ridiculous asseverations, nothing short of ocular demonstration should enforce conviction; nor do we at all concur in thinking that "Cuvier must now abandon his former belief."* It is perfectly correct, that "among ten descriptions of the unicorn, there are not two alike. Some make it as large as a horse, others as an ass, and others again as a goat." These accounts, our traveller thinks, might be conciliated, by making the largest the male, the next the female, and the smallest the young; but how would he succeed in reconciling the contradictory accounts of antiquity. Oppian makes it equal to the rhinoceros; others compare it with a greyhound; some authors furnish it with two horns, many with three, whilst Ælian gifts it with *four*. According to Cuvier, there were three several animals mentioned among the ancients, as having only one horn in the middle of the forehead; and we find that many different virtues have also been attributed to it by the ancients, such as a love of virgins, and a high regard to chastity. The horn possessed medicinal virtues, being regarded as a sovereign remedy in many troublesome diseases: very many of these horns are said to adorn the cabinets of the curious. An amateur has assured us, that the horn of a unicorn is preserved in a French cabinet, which was sent to France by a King of Monomatapa; but experienced naturalists, have concluded this to be no other than the tooth of a narwhale. Perhaps upon no authority should less dependence be placed than on the reports of those who fill the cabinets of virtuosi with marvellous curiosities. It has been asserted, that a mermaid's dead body was to be seen hanging up at Swartwale, near Brill, in Holland. In fact, endless would be the task if we were to commence an enumeration of all the various strange absurdities which were greedily devoured by philosophasters† of olden time, and which even those of more modern date manifest a proneness to give ear to.

In the *Journal d'Allemagne* we find a curious example, where a piece of marble was preserved with religious care at the monastery of Justina, in Italy: this piece of marble had been extracted from the *head* of an *ox* near Padua. And although little confidence can be placed in the representations of those who hawk wonders (if we may use the term;) and though many gross deceptions might be detected in the collections of modern times, yet *these* are nothing to the staggering wonders and precious relics with which those of earlier ages were filled. In the *Museum Tradescantium*,‡ a small book, with Hollar's plates, among other rarities we find an egg produced by a *fiery dragon*, another of a *griffin*, two feathers from the tail of a *phœnix*, together with the claw of a *roc*,§ a bird said to be able to truss an elephant; the latter bird seems to have long winged its flight to some far distant region, and has perhaps carried away the whole race of unicorns; in short, it appears highly probable, that all the horns preserved by amateurs are, in point of fact, narwhale's teeth.

† This reminds us of some of the leaps of Hercules, and all the fabulous nonsense with which mythological story is replete.

* It is now *fifteen months* since the traveller above quoted said he "would have the animal itself in a few days." *Ad illos redis qui dicunt, si cœlum ruat.*

† Vide Bailey's Dictionary.

‡ Tradescant was a Dutchman, who after travelling over many parts of the world, at last settled in England as superintendant of the gardens of Charles I. He and his son made a grand collection of curiosities (the first formed in England) the title an account of which appeared under of *Museum Tradescantium*.

§ The roc is often mentioned by Arabian writers. If I recollect aright, Sinbad the sailor took an aerial voyage tied to the legs of one of these collossal birds.

The traveller, whose letter, we have quoted, inquires—"why not believe in the unicorn, when every thing concurs to prove its existence?" This query may very aptly be reversed; and it may be asked, do not such contradictory accounts, and incredible reports, tend to establish its fabulosity, or concur in demonstrating its nonentity? nor does it follow as a self-evident corollary, that, because we have a one-horned rhinoceros in India, we have a one-horned antelope there also:—such an inference is injudicious, being, as Camper very justly concludes, contrary to all analogy, and unwarranted by any of nature's axioms.

It is further remarked, that "this character extends to the human race; for many travellers in Africa and Sumatra have observed men furnished with a horn, and even with a tail."† This shall not at present be disputed; but certainly it appears reasonable to infer, from natural causes and effects, that philosophers may safely invoke anatomy, to prove that an animal cannot carry a horn in the middle of its forehead, notwitstanding all that has been advanced to the contrary.

As for the too positive assertion of A. D. Credule, that "the unicorn will prove to be as truly a real animal as the *mermen*, which have so long been kept under by ignorance"—we can only say, that these creatures have not been "kept *under* by ignorance," but, on the contrary, after having long been *kept up* by ignorance, they will eventually be *put down* by scientific researches, and the diffusion of knowledge. Our traveller hopes, "that the natives of Cossya, or those of Africa, or those of Thibet, or the researches making in Nepaul, or on the coast of Sumatra, will soon procure for us a dozen of unicorns, and the pleasure of laughing at the expense of naturalists." This reminds us of the Latin "Ante victoriam canere triumphum." But perhaps the best retort ever given to the speculative traveller, was that returned by the natives of Ashante to Mr. Bowdich, who, upon asking them if they had ever heard of a unicorn? They replied, "Yes, in the white man's country!"

U. O. R.

Dec. 30, 1822.

† As to the idea of men with horns, we must hope that they but seldom appear; with respect to the *tail*, we shall beg leave, in some future communication, to examine the arguments of Monboddo, which may likely afford no little amusement.

NATURAL HISTORY OF SPAIN.

The subjoined description of the natural fertility and and importance of this interesting country will be perused with more than ordinary interest at a time when the eyes of all the civilized world are turned towards its condition and future prospects.

"Of the natural history of Spain, its botany constitutes a very important and essential portion, its plains being covered with various species of curious and useful vegetables; but the mountains are said to exhibit the greatest and most important varieties, and, amongst these, the most worthy of the researches of the botanist are those of Guadalupe in Estramadura; of Moncayo in Aragon; of Pineda, Gadarama and Cuenca, in New Castile; of Carascoy in the kingdom of Murcia; of Pena-Colosa, Mongi, Aytona, and Mariola in Valencia; and of the Pyrenees. Most that is hitherto known on this subject may be found in the Flora Hispanica of Joseph Quer, and in the work of Cavanilles, a distinguished experimental philosopher and natural historian, who wholly devoted himself from the year 1792 to the time of his death, in an examination, province by province, of the vegetable riches of his native country. The animal kingdom in Spain does not offer any species that are particularly worthy of attracting the notice of the naturalist. The birds, quadrupeds, reptiles, and insects are the same as are found in the southern provinces of France; even the lofty mountains which either form the boundary of Spain, or stretch into the interior of the country, are inhabited by the same animals as take up their abode in the other mountainous and woody tracts of the warmer countries of Europe. The bear occurs in several parts of the great Pyrenean chain, and especially on certain mountains of Aragon, as well as of Old Castile. Wolves are met with in all the higher and mountainous parts of the country; and wild boars in the mountains of Navarre and in the kingdom of Valencia. Roebucks are found in some of the mountains of Navarre; and lynxes and ibexes on the mountains of Cuenco, in New Castile, in the valleys of Aure and Gistau, and on the Pyrenees. The insect used in dying, and called kermes, or coccus ilicis, feeds on the leaves of the ilex, or evergreen oak, and is collected as an article of commerce and of domestic manufacture in certain districts of Cordova, in the vicinity of Alicant, and river Henarez in New Castile.

Fresh water fishes are very plentiful in the Spanish rivers; from the river Tormes, in Old Castile, are sometimes taken trout of the weight of 20lbs. The tench of the lakes of the mountains near Tobar, in New Castile, are remarkably fine and delicate; they are taken in abundance every year during the months of May and June. "There are mineral springs in Spain," says a late French travaller, "in greater number and of a better quality than are to be found in any other part of Europe. They are to be found in all the provinces, but particularly in Andalusia. The fruits," says he, "are superior in quality to any thing which can be conceived, and more numerous than in any other part of the world; extraordinary cures have been performed entirely by the juice of sugar canes and dates." The climate is in general sufficiently mild, and the summers are perhaps not hotter than in some northern climates. Except the high plain of the Castiles and some parts of Andalusia, the country is either sheltered with mountains, or situated upon the sea shore and cooled by the east and north winds; besides, none of those unwholesome airs prevail which are endemic in other countries and which destroy every charm of them. Three-fourths of the mountains in Spain are composed of admirable marble and alabaster. In Catalonia alone it is said there are one hundred and seventy-seven different kinds, without including the jasper of Fortosa. The green marble of Granada and the flesh coloured have a brilliancy to the eye and a fineness to the touch which rank them with the most beautiful oriental substances. Several of the provinces of Spain are still enriched by mines of gold, silver, red lead, and quicksilver.

Scientific Records.

[Comprehending Notices of new Discoveries or Improvements in Science or Art; including, occasionally, singular Medical Cases; Astronomical, Mechanical, Philosophical, Botanical, Meteorological and Mineralogical Phenomena, or singular Facts in Natural History, Vegetation, &c.; Antiquities, &c.; to be continued in a series through the volume.]

EDINBURGH WERNERIAN SOCIETY.

On Saturday, 25th ult. a very able scientific essay on different modes of applying the power of the steam-engine towards impelling vessels through the water, was read at the meeting of the Wernerian Society. The advantages, the different construction, and the application of the paddle or wheel, to this purpose, were detailed at considerable length; and were followed by statements of several other ingenious contrivances: such as a spiral worm working in a cylinder, which receives the water at the bow, and expels it at the stern; a series of horizontal pumps, &c. &c. It is not possible to convey an adequate idea of the author's theories in the short space which is allowed us, much less to state his calculations and arguments. We can only say, that it struck us as being a memoir that would not long remain unpublished; and in the hope of its soon appearing, we forbear regretting that we cannot give a fuller account of it. Professor Jamieson read an article on the natural ferocity of beasts of prey; combatting the notion that the same species of animal was naturally more savage in one part of the world than in another; and attributing the apparent difference to the knowledge which the animals may have obtained by experience of the power of man. He gave several instances in corroboration of the position; stating that the authors who have affirmed the contrary have drawn their facts from the habits of those animals which have existed in the neighbourhood of civilized human beings; and have thus, apparently, assumed the effect of locality as an original difference of disposition. The horn of a rhinoceros found in Scotland was then produced: it was rather more than two feet in length; slightly curved; of very great weight; and of large circumference at the base. It was a very interesting subject for reflection, as well as an object of admiration. A stuffed specimen, and also a skeleton of the Dugong, was then produced to the society. This animal is of the whale tribe, inhabiting the seas about Java. It wants the *blow-hole* of the whale. The anterior part of the skeleton has much resemblance to that of quadrupeds. The head exhibited many peculiarities; amongst which the teeth were the most remarkable; besides incisores and molares, there was an intermediate range, distant from the others, of what might be called canine, were they not too numerous to make that designation correct; there were three of them on each side of the jaw; they are supposed to discharge the first functions of the molares, that is, of dividing previous to grinding. The molares were round and flat; the distinctive characteristics of animals not carnivorous. The stuffed specimen might be about three and a half feet long. This animal has large mammæ in the anterior part of the body. It frequently raises itself out of the water; and its round face, together with the mammæ, have given rise to the fable of the mermaid. A living ichneumon was let loose upon the society, which caused no small disturbance, by running about amongst the legs of those present.—*Edinburgh Observer.*

Statistics.

STATE OF IRELAND,

(Communicated by a Correspondent from Roscrea, Tipperary.)

AREA OF IRELAND.

Square miles, 30,374. Acres, 19,439,900; of which is cultivated, according to computation, 13,454,375. Value of exported surplus produce of each acre of cultivated land, on an average, 9s. 1½d.

POPULATION OF IRELAND, 1821.

Leinster	1,785,702
Munster	2,003,363
Ulster	2,001,966
Connaught	1,053,918
	6,846,949

Number of souls to each square mile, per average... 225
Quantity of land to each inhabitant, per average 2¾ Acres.

RESIDENT CLERGY.

Established Church	1,702
Church of Rome	2,009
Other Communions	390
	4,101

Schoolmasters, 7,982.
Representatives in Parliament, 100—1 to 68,469 persons.
Acting Magistrates, exclusive of those belonging to Corporations of Cities, and Corporations of Towns, 1,932.
Line of Sea Coast measured through all its curvatures, 1,737 miles.
Number of Harbours and Safe Anchorages round Ireland, 130.
Number of Rivers which flow directly into the Sea, 94.
Quantity of Linen exported from Ireland in the year ending 5th January, 1822, 49,414,775 yards.

MINERALS AND FOSSILS FOUND IN IRELAND.

	COUNTIES.
Amethysts found in	2
Coal	15
Copper	17
Crystals	8
Fuller's earth	5
Gold	1
Garnets	2
Granite	7
Gypsum	1
Iron	19
Jasper	2
Lead	16
Manganese	2
Marbles, several beautiful	19
Ochres	16
Pearls	2
Pebbles, some valuable	4
Porphyry	1
Silver	3
Slate	6
Sulphur	2
Talc	2

Value of Corn and other Provisions annually exported from Ireland, on an average of two years, ending January 5, 1822, £6,146,230 18s.

Poetry.

INVOCATION TO TIME.

Oh! linger yet, thou flitting Time,
And stay thy chariot wheels;
For, ah! with every knelling chime
Some cherish'd gem thou steals!
Oh! linger, e'er the shades of night
The smiling morn o'ercast;
Oh! linger, ere with rapid flight,
Spring's glittering hour is past!
Oh! linger yet, ere summer flowers
Shall bend the languid head;
Oh! linger yet, ere myrtle bowers
Shall mourn their fragrance fled!
Oh! linger, e'er the snows of age
Shall chase the rose of youth!
Oh! linger, ere the season sage
Shall come with brow of truth!

No!—speed away, thou flitting Time,
And scorn the flow'ry meads;
Replume thy snowy wing sublime,
And lash thy lingering steeds!
Fly, fly! disdain the bloomy spring,
Nor flower of summer spare;
Fly, fly! the yellow autumn bring,
And chilly winter bare:
Oh, fly! and couched on kindred earth,
Soon grant the wish'd repose;
Better the day of death than birth,
And sweetest evening's close!
Fly, fly! and lost in deepest night,
The peaceful morning bring!
Oh, fly! and clad in robes of white
High Paeans let me sing!
Fly, fly! for love's an idle dream,
And "friendship but a name;"
Oh, fly! for brief as bright their beam,
Their sparkle,—light as fame!
Fly, fly! for nought is true but care,
And nought endures but tears;
Fly, fly! the grinding fetters tear,
And *kill* no more *with years!*
Fly, fly! till echoing trumpets' sound
Shall peal, thy reign is o'er!
Oh, speed, till weary slaves, unbound,
Shall chide thy pace no more!

Liverpool. G.

LINES, ON A FAVOURITE GROVE.

Ye nymphs that guard this sacred shade,
And watch with care these fragrant bow'rs;
Who, guardians of this lonely glade,
Invite the pleasing summer show'rs;
Say by what hand these lovely trees
Were taught to seek the lofty skies;
Who taught these shady walks to please,
To soothe the soul and stifle sighs?
Here dwell the cuckoo and the dove,
And here the linnet forms her nest;
Each mellow songster of the grove
Here finds secure a place of rest.
Here in my youth I used to stray,
And in these bow'rs my limbs recline;
I pass'd in these my manhood's days,
And fain would here my life resign.

Cowley-hill, February 6, 1823.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—If you think the following lines, copied a few months since from a newspaper, worth insertion, they are at your service. As an ingenious specimen of alliteration they are unequalled by any I ever saw. Hoping for their early insertion, I am Sir, your's obediently,

R. T. DURNYG.

Bury, Feb. 10, 1823.

THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

An Austrian army awfully array'd,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade.
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom;
Every endeavour engineers essay,
For fame, for fortune fighting—furious fray!
Gen'rals 'gainst Gen'rals grapple—gracious God!
How honours heaven heroic hardihood!
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Kinsmen kill kindred, kindred kinsmen kill.
Labour low levels loftiest longest lines:
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murderous mines.
Now noisy noxious numbers notice nought
Of outward obstacles, opposing ought.
Poor patriots, partly purchas'd, partly press'd,
Quite quickly quaking, "quarter, quarter," quest.
Reason returns, Religion's right redounds;
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.
Truce to thee, Turkey; triumph to thy train,
Unwise, unjust, ungenerous Ukraine.
Vanish, vain Victory, vanish Victory vain.
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xaviere?
Yield, yield, ye youths! Ye yeomen yield your yell,
Zeno's, Zompaster's, Zoroastes' zeal,
Attracting all, acts against arms appeal.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF MELANCHOLY.

'Tis past—this world hath nothing left for me,
A wretch who long has stoop'd to misery's rod;
Deep in whose heart hath sunk the dread decree
Pronounced against him by his injured God.
I never shall be happy, till the sod
Doth press upon my senseless mould'ring clay:
Safe lodg'd within that desolate abode,
Under whose portals, till the last dread day,
The dust of kings and slaves shall mix in dark decay.

'Tis past—the hopes I cherish'd all are scar'd:
Scarce had the ripening beams of youth's fair sun
Gilded their op'ning blossoms. These endear'd
My being to existence, which begun
With vernal flow'rs to bloom; since, overrun
With noxious weeds that blasted all its sweets.
How often have I curs'd the Fates who spun
My web of life; and yet my heart still beats,
Though ev'ry silent throb its misery repeats.

Liverpool. Y.

NEAR ROME, OCTOBER 1822.

O'er all dim twilight reigns,
And cradled now in glory is the sun;
Earth is to stillness hush'd;—the moon,
Half circling, o'er th' horizon seems to glide,
As loath the steps of lingering day to chide.
'Tis gone;—
Alone,
Obscurity remains.
Decay'd, inglorious Rome!
Not e'en the twilight of thy former mind,
Can we, amid the slaves that crowd thee, find;
Thy day is past; and faintly may we trace,
Of kings the seat, of gods the dwelling-place.
Thy fame,
The same;
But thou,—ambition's tomb!

CALMA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Some time ago you expressed a wish, in your *Kaleidoscope*, that any one who possessed copies of Mr. Wilson's poetical productions would favour you with them. I waited some time to see whether this, which possesses considerable excellency, would appear in your paper; and not finding that it did, I have furnished you with it, nothing doubting that it will meet with your approbation.

AN OLD PUPIL.

THE GOOSE.

BY THE REV. T. WILSON, B. D.

No more shall the bards in their verses approve
That tyrant of birds, the fierce eagle of Jove;
No more shall the dove be the theme of their song,
Or the nightingale, pride of the warbling throng;
No more shall the swan be the object of praise,
Or the peacock of Juno give grace to their lays;
The sparrows of Venus no more shall they sing,
Or the cuckoo extol the sweet herald of spring:
For the goose, in the annals of time you shall find,
Was of old the domestic and friend of mankind.

When Rome to the Gauls seem'd abandon'd by fate,
A goose, in the capitol, rescued the state;
Tho' wily as foxes, and screen'd by the night,
'Twas a goose patriotic that put them to flight;
And lest time should so noble an action efface,
Her image in silver was rais'd in the place:
'Twas this noble achievement suggested the use
Of that princely diversion, the Game of the Goose.
May many such geese 'mongst our senators sit,
For honesty fam'd, tho' the butt of each wit;
May their voice, tho' discordant as *populi vox*,
This good realm e'er preserve from the wiles of the Fox!
To the goose for such service precedence is due,
And many old customs will keep them in view.
Thus the goose, 'midst the cabbage, presides o'er the board,
When the tailor with remnants his table has stor'd;
And hence, too, in boroughs together they choose,
A bailiff * or may'r with a Michaelmas goose.
Such renown has the goose for her patriot spirit;
Yet this, 'tis allow'd, is not half of her merit:
For what bird on the water, on earth, or in air,
With the plump stubble-goose can in flavour compare!
At the end of a feast with what pleasure we spy,
And call for a cut of the pompous goose-pie!
When the burgesses meet, with what rapture each man,
For the sake of the goose, flies away to the Swan;†
They view her all o'er when she's brought to the table,
Then cut, cram, and swallow as fast as they're able.
Joy lights up each visage, they eager engage,
Till gorg'd with the goose, and regal'd with the sage,
Dead silence prevails, not a syllable drops,
And nought but the gravy escapes from their chops;
Besmear'd, the face shining, they seem, when they cease,
Like scholars profound who have travell'd in—*grease.*

But the goose, amongst Britons, will gain admiration,
For she stands on one leg! this will charm the whole nation!
To stand on one leg has rais'd Vestris to fame;
Give applause to the goose then, the goose does the same!
But the goose, too, is found to contribute her aid,
To sciences, arts, and the int'rests of trade;
All the books on the shelves of the learned proclaim,
The great use of the quill, and its title to fame.
Your Lockes, too, and Newtons, and Johnsons will own,
To the goose they're indebted for half their renown;
For the head's their alembic, where sense they distil,
And draw the contents off at last thro' a quill.
In vain too the bards would endeavour to sing,
Should the goose, in ill humour, refuse them her wing;
By her plumage supported, themselves they can raise,
And owe to the goose a great part of their praise;
Nay, many a poet, in spite of his skill,
His only subsistence imbibes thro' a quill;
For poor's the reward that his labours produce,
Since the wit sucks the quill, whilst the fool gets the goose;
Thus uncloath'd and unfed the poor poet obtains
The base appellation of—goose for his pains.

Even deep politicians, without a debate,
Will own that the quill is an engine of state.
Nay, the Fox, the sly Fox, that has made such a fuss,
Will own himself vastly oblig'd to the goose;
But now, when adrift he's pursued as fair game,
And each goose lends her quill to bespatter his fame,
All Grub-street they'll arm in his cause to engage,
And drive such a Machiavel quite off the stage;

* This is the case, at least, in the ancient borough of Clitheroe.

† An inn at Clitheroe.

They'll hiss, gape, and gabble, and, fairly let loose,
Will make him afraid to say boo to a goose.
When an engine of law, like a magical wand,
The quill can convey both your houses and land;
With a dash and a scribble, heigh presto—'tis gone,
An estate is convey'd, and a client undone.
That the wily attorney can play fast and loose,
And keeps up the game of the fox and the goose.
The learned physician, when arm'd with his quill,
Like Sampson of old, his ten thousands can kill;
With death he goes halves, and both thrive by disease,
For death takes the patient—the doctor his fees;
Thus the quill finds employment, to keep up the jest,
And each from the goose strives to feather his nest.
The goose too's the friend of the reverend divine;
By the quill he's enabled in pulpit to shine,
Till fawning and cringing have gain'd him the mitre,
Then careless he slumbers, no longer a writer.
Had the quill been denied his ideas to bring forth,
The music of Handel had died in the birth;
His musical maggots in vain had been bred,
And crotchets abortive had died in his head.
The merchant, who trusts to the boisterous main,
And danger defies, in pursuit of his gain,
Will frankly confess that his mercantile skill
Is debtor to goose for the use of his quill.
The miser, intent on increasing his store,
Is oblig'd to the quill for recounting it o'er;
Till at last to a goose metamorphos'd himself,
He lays golden eggs, and still broods o'er his pelf.
The goose, 'tis allow'd, her kind offices lends
To preserve, spite of absence, th'affection of friends:
The pen, too, full oft such professions imparts
As seldom, alas! find a place in their hearts.
Though Venus of old has distinguish'd the dove
As the bird of her choice, and the emblem of love;
Yet the goose above all can assist the fond swain,
His passion disclose, and his ardour explain;
While the nymph is enabled, by means of the quill,
Her languishing lover to cure or to kill.
Should nations contend, or hostilities cease,
The quill declares war, or announces a peace;
And gen'rals can oft so successfully write,
That they kill with their pens more than died in the fight:
Thus murderous Gazettes many thousands have slain,
Who've afterwards risen and rallied again.
The goose, too, dear bird! her soft plumage bestows,
The faint limbs to recruit, and promote our repose,
When nature exhausted no more can sustain,
By sickness assaulted, or tortured with pain;
On the spoils of the goose which beneath us are spread,
We lose the fatigues of the heart and the head;
Such charms have these feathers, in magic they bind
The body's exertions, the powers of the mind,
When Morpheus vouchsafes all her plumage to steep
In Lethe's soft waters, the river of sleep.
For such are their virtues, all pains they control,
But the keen pangs of conscience that harrow the soul.
Thus Pallas will own, that the goose can impart
The firmest support to each science and art.
The Muses and Phœbus confess her their friend,
And her willing assistance most warmly commend.
Even Venus allows, tho' attach'd to the dove,
No bird's of such use in the business of love.
Blind Plutus admits that the wing of the goose,
When the funds are concerned, is of principal use;
Nay Mars will confess that the goose-quill hath done
More dread execution than sword, pike, or gun:
Dull Somnus avers that no opiate he knows
Can vie with her feathers in giving repose.
Let the goose, then, for ever, by all be preferred,
And precedence hold o'er each beauteous bird;
And may you, who have deign'd with such patience to hear,
Enjoy the fat goose as the best of good cheer;
Accept our best thanks in return for your trouble,
And fat be the geese that are fed in your stubble!

Biographical Notices.

DR. JENNER.

Dr. Jenner was a fellow of the Royal Society, &c. and was in his 74th year when he died. If any man ever existed who possessed an original, and we might almost add, an intuitive claim to the pretensions of a Natural Historian and *Physiologist*, Dr. Jenner was that claimant. Nature had given him great genius, vast sagacity, much inclination, and great ardour in the prosecution of the subjects of Natural History Physiology, and Pathology. His researches were consistent and connected. At an early age he was destined to the study of one department of the medical profession, *Surgery*. In the commencement of his studies, he was associated and connected with some late eminent characters, Dr. Parry, of Bath, Dr. Hickes, of Gloucester, and Dr. Ludlow, of Corsham, near Bath; but, besides these, he was honoured with the peculiar friendship and patronage of the late Mr. John Hunter, of whose name it is nearly superfluous to mention, that it stands high in the rolls of surgical and philosophic reputation. Mr. Hunter, well aware of the extraordinary talents of Dr. Jenner, then a pupil, offered to him patronage, connexion, and employment, in his professional and physiological pursuits. Dr. Jenner, however, preferred a residence at his native place, Berkeley;—here he acquired not merely high local reputation, but from the public observations and discoveries which he promulgated, great estimation in the superior ranks of philosophers and medical professors. After some less important communications to the Royal Society of London (of which he was early made a member) he imparted to them, a *complete Natural History of the Cuckoo*, of which bird the laws and habits were previously unknown, and were involved in obscurity; the singular ingenuity of this paper, and the acute powers of observation which it developed in the observer, enhanced Dr. Jenner's reputation in the philosophic world. Dr. Jenner also communicated to his youthful friend and colleague, attached to him by congenial feeling and similarity of pursuit (the late highly-gifted Dr. Parry, of Bath) his discovery of the internal diseased structure of the heart, which produces the disease called Angina Pectoris, and which was before unknown and conjectural. Dr. Parry, in a treatise on the subject, not only most honourably recorded Dr. Jenner's original detection of the cause of the disease, but confirmed its accuracy by subsequent and ingenious investigation. After a long and arduous inquiry into the disease termed Cow Pox, which is a common complaint in cows in Gloucestershire, and some other counties, and which to those who receive it from the cows in milking, appears, from long existing tradition, to confer complete security from Small Pox, either natural or inoculated, Dr. Jenner determined to put the fact to the test of experience, and accordingly inoculated some young persons with matter taken from the disease in the cows, in 1797. From the proofs which these experiments afforded of the power of the Cow Pox Inoculation to protect he human being from Small Pox contagion, Dr. Jenner was induced to bring this inestimable fact before the public in 1798. That this was promulgated with all the simplicity of a philosopher, and with all the disinterestedness of the philanthropist, every candid contemporary and observer will admit, and will unite in admiring his just pretensions to both characters. The first medical professors in the metropolis allowed that had Dr. Jenner kept his discovery in the disguise of empirical secrecy, he would have realized immense emoluments; but the pure and liberal feelings which Dr. Jenner possessed, spurned and rejected such considerations, and his general remunerations, even including the sums voted by Parliament, were well known to his confidential friends to be moderate in the extreme.

The Bouquet.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."
MONTAIGNE.

MEMOIRES DE LA VIE DE MARIE-ANTOINETTE. PAR MADAME CAMPAN.

Madame Campan, formerly maid of honour to Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, has lately published at Paris, the memoirs of the private life of that ill-fated Princess; from which we purpose giving a few extracts.

THE QUEEN'S TOILET.

"The dressing of the Queen was a *chef-d'œuvre* of etiquette; every thing was regulated. The lady of honour, and the lady *d'atour* (or dressing woman) together, if they both happened to be together, assisted by the first woman and two ordinary women, performed the principal service; but there were distinctions between them. The lady *d'atour*, put on the *jupon*, (the under-petticoat) and presented the robe. The lady of honour poured out the water for washing her hands, and put on the *chemise*. When a Princess of the Royal Family was at the dressing, the lady of honour ceded to her this last function, but did not cede it directly to the Princesses of the blood; in this last case the lady of honour gave the chemise to the first woman, who presented it to the Princess of the Blood. Each of these ladies observed scrupulously these usages as being matters of right. One winter day, it happened that the Queen, being quite undressed, was on the point of having her chemise put on: I held it unfolded and ready; the lady of honour entered, hastened to draw off her gloves, and took the chemise. There was a tap at the door, it was opened, and the Duchess d'Orleans entered; her gloves were drawn off, she advanced to take the chemise, but it was for the lady of honour to present it to her; she gave it to me, I gave it to the Princess; there was another tap; it was the Countess de Provence (the wife of the present King) the Duchess d'Orleans gave to her the chemise. The Queen stood with her arms across her breast, and seemed suffering from the cold. Madame saw her painful attitude, contented herself with throwing her handkerchief, kept her gloves, and in putting on the chemise, pulled off the Queen's head-dress, who began to laugh to conceal her impatience, after muttering several times—*It is odious—what importunity.*

(To be continued.)

EXPEDITION FOR EXPLORING THE COURSE OF THE NIGER.

The mission, consisting of Dr. Oudenay, Major Denham, and Lieutenant Clapperton, had on their first journey arrived at Mourzouk, the capital of the kingdom of Fezzan, in the month of April last, in the best health and spirits, having performed the journey in 42 days, a distance of 600 miles. On arriving at Mourzook, the same house was prepared for them that had been inhabited by Mr. Ritchie and his friends in the year 1819, and where he fell a victim to the arduous enterprise he had undertaken. All those who have read Captain Lyon's interesting narrative of this journey, will recollect the delays and difficulties that presented themselves to the further prosecution of their object, and the privations they had here to encounter and endure; which paralysed their exertions by exhausting at once their health and resources. Major Denham, fearing lest his hopes might be defeated by similar means, and all his endeavours to advance to Bourn proving ineffectual, decided on the hasardous alternative of returning to Tripoli, and he describes his journey in these words:

"In pursuance of my intentions, which you were made acquainted with by my letter from Mourzouk, I left that place on the 19th of May, and after twenty-three days of very great fatigue, arrived here (Tripoli) on the 11th of last month. One Arab Sheikh and two camels composed, with myself, the caravan. Our usual time was from 14 to 16 hours in the 24 on the march; and in passing the deserts (three and four days in length) always 48 hours; the camels I scarcely ever allowed to rest; the halt we always made in the middle of the day to allow the camels to come up, was by far the most trying part of the journey, exposed to the burning heat of the mid-day sun, where nature had not provided shade sufficient for a grasshopper, lying on a scorching sand, and with nothing to alleviate our parching thirst but wretched water which had been several days in beastly skins, was a misery I had no conception of before. At night we generally got a little kouscacous, with some fat and salt, no bad supper; but a cup of tea was luxury supreme, as it satisfied thirst, and took off the edge of the putrid taste of the bad water; our fire, which was always made by scraping together the camel's dung which we found, was consequently uncertain, and we sometimes could not find more than was necessary for boiling a little water. I had a tent with me, but seldom pitched it, we were all too tired, and my Arab thought it quite useless; we slipt off our horses when nearly sleeping with fatigue and heat, the nosebag was put over the poor animal's head, and a cord round his two fore legs; the loose stones were soon cleared from a space large enough to receive our carcases, and rolled up in a bornouse; in two minutes all our troubles were forgotten."

Fresh arrangements having been now made, by which it is hoped all the difficulties, except those of climate, may be avoided, Major Denham has again set forward to rejoin his associates, and in a subsequent letter says, "I shall certainly make the attempt at returning home by the way of Egypt."

REMARKABLE FROSTS.

YEAR.

220 Frost in Britain that lasted five months.
250 The Thames frozen nine weeks.
291 Most rivers in Britain frozen six weeks,
359 Severe frost in Scotland for fourteen weeks,
508 The rivers in Britain frozen for two months.
558 The Danube quite frozen over.
695 The Thames frozen six weeks, and booths built thereon.
827 Frost in England nine weeks.
859 Carriages used on the Adriatic sea.
908 Most rivers in England frozen two months.
923 The Thames frozen thirteen weeks.
987 Frost lasted one hundred and twenty days, began Dec. 22.
991 The Thames frozen five weeks.
1035 Severe frost, June 4; the corn and fruits destroyed.
1063 The Thames frozen fourteen weeks.
1076 Frost in England from November till April.
1114 Several wooden bridges carried away by the ice.
1407 Frost lasted sixteen weeks.
1434 Frost from November till February, the Thames frozen to Gravesend.
1608 Frost for thirteen weeks.
1739 A frost which lasted nine weeks; it began Dec. 14.
1747 Severe frost in Russia.
1760 The same in Germany.
1778 Thames frozen below bridge; booths upon it.
1793 Severe frost in England.
1814 Intense frost; the Thames frozen, and all sorts of amusements upon it.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I should be glad to know, through the medium of your valuable miscellany, if you, or any of your correspondents, can give me any further information respecting the authenticity of the following account of the "Brothers' Steps," copied from the *Arminian Magazine* for April, 1781, published by the late Reverend John Wesley, in a letter from Mr. John Walsh. By so doing you will greatly oblige yours, &c. A FRIEND.

Liverpool, January 15, 1821.

THE BROTHERS' STEPS.

"Last summer I received a letter from a friend, wherein were these words:—'I think it would be worth your while to take a view of those wonderful marks of the Lord's hatred to *duelling*, called the Brothers' Steps. They are in the fields, about a third of a mile northward from Montague-house; and the awful tradition concerning them is, that two brothers quarrelled about a worthless woman, and, according to the fashion of those days, fought with sword and pistol. The prints of their feet are about the depth of three inches, and nothing will vegetate so much as to disfigure them. The number is only eighty-three: but probably some are at present filled up; for I think there were formerly more in the centre, where each unhappy combatant wounded the other to death; and a bank on which the first who fell, died, retains the form of his agonizing couch, by the curse of barrenness, while grass flourishes all about it. Mr. George Hall, who was the librarian of Lincoln's Inn, first showed me those steps, twenty-eight years ago, when, I think, they were not quite so deep as now. He remembered them about thirty years, and the man who first showed them to him about thirty more, which goes back to the year 1692: but I suppose they originated in King Charles the Second's reign. My mother well remembered their being plowed up, and corn sown to deface them, about fifty years ago: but all was labour in vain; for the prints returned in a while to their pristine form, as probably will those that are now filled up.'" Here ends Mr. Walsh's account. Mr. Wesley further adds:—"This account appeared to him so very extraordinary that he knew not what to think of it. He knew Mr. Walsh to be a person of good understanding and real piety, and he testified what he had seen with his own eyes; but still he wanted more witnesses; till a while ago, being at Mr. Cary's, in Copthall-buildings, he occasionally mentioned the Brothers' Footsteps, and asked the company if they had heard any thing of them. 'Sir,' said Mr. Cary, 'sixteen years ago, I saw and counted them myself.' Another added, 'and I saw them four years ago.' I could then no longer doubt but they had been; and a week or two after I went with Mr. Cary and another person to seek them. We sought for near half an hour in vain. We could find no steps at all within a quarter of a mile, no nor half a mile, north of Montague-house. We were almost out of hope, when an honest man, who was at work, directed us to the next ground, adjoining to a pond. There we found what we sought for, about three-quarters of a mile north of Montague-house, and about five hundred yards east of Tottenham-court Road. The steps answer Mr. Walsh's description. They are of the size of a large human foot, about three inches deep, and lie nearly from north-east to south-west. We counted only seventy-six: but we were not exact in counting. The place, where one or both of the brothers are supposed to have fallen, is still bare of grass. The labourer showed us also the bank where (the tradition is) the wretched woman sat to see the combat.—What shall we say to these things? Why, to Atheists, or Infidels of any kind, I would not say one word about them; for, if they hear not Moses and the prophets, they will not regard any thing of this kind: but to men of candour, who believe the Bible to be of God, I would say, is not this an astonishing instance held forth to all the inhabitants of London of the justice and power of God? Does not the curse he has denounced upon this ground bear some little resemblance to that of our Lord on the barren fig-tree:—'Henceforth let no fruit grow upon thee for ever?' I see no reason or pretence for any rational man to doubt of the truth of this story, since it has been confirmed by these open visible tokens for more than a hundred years successively."

The Traveller.

[*NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.*]

MEMORANDA,

DESCRIPTIVE, LITERARY, AND COMMERCIAL,

MADE ON A

TOUR THROUGH SOME PARTS OF EUROPE,

COMPRISING

Denmark, Prussia, Poland, Saxony, Brunswick, Hanover, the Hamburg and Bremen Territories, Holstein, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Pomerania, with the island of Rügen, East Friesland, Holland, Brabant, the Rhine country, and France,

IN THE YEARS 1816, 1817, 1818.

UNITED NETHERLANDS.

HOLLAND, PROPER.——BRABANT.

To return to Cologne;—curiosity induced me to rise early the next morning, and take a stroll in this ancient city. I found it in the form of a half moon, bounded on one side by the Rhine, and that it had been fortified on that towards the land by a double line of walls and a ditch. The population is 42,700, and the number of houses 8000. The streets are for the most part narrow, but with occasional openings and numerous gardens. There are three good squares, the "new markt," "old markt," and "hay markt." In the former is a fine avenue of trees, at the end of which stands the town-hall, a beautiful stone building in the Grecian style. The Dom church, or cathedral, has at a distance the appearance of a mutilated building; but, on a nearer approach, it is discovered, that this stupendous pile consists of two distinct buildings, near each other, which were intended to be united by an immense arch, crowned with a lofty spire, had the funds and extensive power of the ecclesiastics of this rich bishoprick continued. The church was commenced in 1248 by Conrad Hochsteden, then both Elector and Archbishop of the province, and was continued by his successors for the space of above 250 years, when their resources failed; otherwise, the cathedral of Cologne would have outshone all other similar structures. It remains, and probably will ever continue, unfinished! The style is Gothic,* and the exterior much ornamented; that part which is complete, truly magnificent. The nave is lined by double rows of twelve massy pillars, with beautiful capitals; and the total number of those which support the roof exceeds ninety. Only a small portion of the ceiling is finished. The choir appears perfect, and is railed off from the body of the church. The magnificent altar, composed of exquisite black marble, is sixteen feet high, surmounted by a cupola, resting on nine pillars; a bold flight of marble steps, in a circular form, leads to it. The golden chamber, whose entrance is near the altar, has lost most of its precious relics and most valuable ornaments. Many of the religious vessels appear to have been stripped of their embellishments of precious stones. The guide pointed out the chapel of the three Kings or Magi on the other side of the altar, where the credulous believe the bones of the wise men of the east are deposited The tomb remains, but the sacrilegious French, as my guide observed, made free with all the magnificent and costly articles which adorned it.* Numbers were paying their devotions to their favourite saints at the different altars with which the church abounds, many displaying that peculiar fervour which is only seen in the professors of the Roman Catholic faith.

The two towers are unfinished, and it was the intention of the founders to carry them to the height of 500 feet. The highest is at present only 150, but that elevation is still sufficient to give from the summit a view of the Rhine as far as Düsseldorf (18 English miles) and a perfect panorama of the city and its suburbs. Many workmen were employed repairing the building. The west front, on a very large scale, is complete, and in the style of the great tower at York Minster. At the north side of the nave are inimitable painted-glass windows.

High mass began at ten, and there was a procession round the nave with the holy water. A boy, dressed in red and white, followed the priest, who dipped a brush in the water and sprinkled the people. There was a regular band of musical and vocal performers; the singing was fine, and the brilliant and sweet organ was played in true church style.

The church of St. Peter has in its architecture little to engage attention, but it boasts of the *chef d'œuvre* of the pencil of Rhubens, viz. the crucifixion of St. Peter, which painting forms the altar-piece. The stranger is shown a copy of it; and whilst he is attempting to find in it the beauties of which he has heard so much, the attendant touches a spring, and the original (of which the one alluded to is on the reverse side) turns suddenly round on a pivot, and the sight of it completely astounds the beholder. The apostle is represented, agreeably to scripture, with his head downwards on the cross. The face exhibits the effects of the strongest anguish, yet an expression of the firmest faith is strictly preserved, and the relaxed state of the muscles is exquisitely portrayed. The cross is not yet erect, but supported by a robust man, whilst another is nailing the feet, watched by a soldier in armour.†

This great work was painted purposely for the church, and presented to it by Rhubens, on the occasion of his applying for a certificate of baptism, in 1642. He was baptized on St. Peter and St Paul's day, and from that circumstance received his name of Peter Paul.

The house called Schultens, in which he was born, is a large stone building, now used as a packhouse.

The church of St. Ursula, an old Saxon structure, contains the skulls of that British saint, and the 11,000 virgins who accompanied her on her singular travels; but the story is known, and too childish to be repeated. The walls are nearly covered with their skulls in glass frames and niches.

The church of St. Gerion and the Maccabees are

* The stone is from the Drakenfels mountain: it is clean and in good preservation.

* The riches of this tomb before the Revolution were astonishing, it being covered with pearls and gems. It is still richly embossed with gilt carving, and otherwise ornamented. Devotees are replacing the gold crowns with crowns of gilt metal, set with pearls, bearing the names of the Magi, viz. Caspar, Melchior, Balthasar. Their remains are said to have been removed to Cologne by Charlemagne. This little chapel is quite dark. Near the tomb hangs the litany of the three Kings, to repeat which entiles the person to an indulgence of nine days. Near the chapel is a curious painting of the Adoration of the Magi, 400 years old.

† Only the feet and one arm are nailed; and the nail having pierced an artery of the arm, it is already pale and nearly dead; whilst the other, not yet fastened to the cross, is full of life and blood.—The subject is very striking, but unpleasing.

both enriched by the gifts of devotees: the latter is ornamented by a handsome dome, of Saxon architecture.

The Jesuit church is a magnificent building, and opposite to it is the college of that order.

Formerly there were in this city nearly 400 churches and cloisters, of which scarcely a tenth part now remains. Even before the Revolution, there were 60 convents, and 2500 priests and ecclesiastics.

I crossed the river, there about 800 yards wide, to Deutz, a small village on the opposite bank, whose inhabitants are chiefly occupied in the preparation of warlike stores. From that point, Cologne is seen to the greatest advantage, its numerous and noble buildings being viewed without being able to perceive the desolation which time and neglect are rapidly making on their walls. No less than thirteen religious edifices stretch along the river's edge, inspiring an instantaneous feeling of veneration.

The passage of the river is made in an excellent and safe contrivance, called the "Brücke," a floating-bridge, which is a platform firmly fixed on the decks of two flat-bottomed boats, affording sufficient space for a number of carriages and horses, without incommoding the passengers; and the whole being railed round, is perfectly secure. In the centre are two upright pieces of timber, having upon them a beam placed transversely, and strengthened by two strong chains proceeding from the end of the platform. Another chain attached to the crossbeam is of great length, and bound near the end to the masts of seven or eight small boats, the farthest of which lies at anchor near the middle of the stream. These boats, from their buoyancy, occasion a considerable *spring* on the chain; and when the rope which holds the raft to the opposite pier is let go, the current causes a great lateral pressure on the raft, which pressure being assisted by two long oars, acting as rudders, has the effect of propelling it across the river, in the space of ten minutes. The fare for a passenger is only a stiver ($\frac{1}{20}$d.)

Although the trade of Cologne has materially decreased, there is still an activity displayed on the river, from the number of lighters discharging their cargoes from the interior, or vessels loading for Holland, which are unable, owing to the shallowness of the water, to proceed higher up the stream. The vessels thus employed are usually owned by the navigators, who, with their whole families, constantly live on board of them. They are singularly constructed, being from 90 to 140 feet in length, very lightly built, with flat bottoms and elastic masts. They have commodious cabins, on deck, for the captain and passengers; and the largest of them will contain from 350 to 350 tons.*

13th November (1817) I left with extra post to overtake the diligence at Boun, which cost me sixty franks, whereas the latter conveyance would have been eleven franks only. Going out of the city, I noticed a number of men repairing the fortifications; and, in the suburbs, the Prussian Government were preparing new ones. It will certainly require every precaution on their part to retain the newly-acquired provinces (which extend on this navigation to Bingen) as the whole of the inhabitants are dissatisfied with the change of rulers, and will seek the earliest opportunity of returning to the protection of the French, who also look with a jealous eye on the new possessors of this interesting country.

Being now annexed to Prussia, the numerous manufacturers which here abound have lost the French market for their goods, where the demand was extremely extensive, and have in lieu obtained that of Prussia, which is in comparison trifling; independently of their having to compete with English manufactures, which are allowed to be imported into the latter kingdom.

On the whole of the road, which is flat, the "Sieben Gebürge," or Seven Mountains, were distinctly visible, though lying at a considerable distance, nearly opposite the elegant little town of Boun. The latter is almost entirely composed of palaces and castles, though many are in ruins. It is decidedly the most attracting place on the Rhine which I have seen, and was the favourite residence of the former Electors of Cologne. Their palace is large and handsome, seated in an extensive garden. In that part opposite to the portico is a much frequented terrace, called the "Alten Zoll," the view from which is enchanting. It embraces a large extent of country, with the village of Poppendorf, the Kreutzberg monastery, and indistinctly the city of Coblenz. There are several other promenades frequented by genteel people, and I regretted that I had not made arrangements to pass another day in this delightful place.—The population is 9000.

Leaving Boun, I had a distinct view of the rugged but magnificent "Seven Mountains," which are the highest on the Rhine. Their names are Drackenfels, Wolkenberg, Rolandseckr, Löwenberg, Nonnenstromberg, Hoch Oehlberg, and Hemmerich. The first rises majestically and nearly perpendicularly from the river side, is crowned with a venerable ruinated castle, and forms a perfect picture of itself.*

Lofty mountains, composed chiefly of Basalt, continue to the Roman Station of Andernach, which lies embosomed at their feet; and its numerous towers and spires, which on the plain would appear striking objects, here merely prove how pigmy are the efforts of art, when contrasted with the works of nature, which surround them. Though Andernach has only 2000 people, the trade, owing to local advantages, is considerable, having the forwarding of numerous cargoes of stone of various descriptions for building, paving, or mills; besides wine in considerable quantities, the surrounding country producing excellent grapes. Near it also are formed the immense rafts of timber, which proceed at certain seasons to Dutch ports; in which country, owing to the peculiar construction of the buildings, the demand for that article is very extensive. Having previously been assembled from the depôts on the Necker, Main, Mosel, and from other parts of the Rhine, several rafts are joined together, and present a floating mass, 700 or 800 feet long, and of a proportionate breadth and height, having accommodation provided on the deck for nearly several persons who accompany it, besides stalls for numerous head of cattle. Twelve or fifteen small vessels, provided with anchors and cables, are in attendance, both to assist in guiding the course of the raft in the frequent windings of the navigation, and to secure it when it is necessary to lay to, and wait for rains to increase the depth of water.

* The chief manufactures are cotton and silk goods; and the distillation of "Eau de Cologne," the preparation of which affords a handsome income to the family who possess the patent.

* These mountains are not only the highest, but by far the most picturesque, owing to their boldly-marked outlines. Their tops are dark, and most of them have the ruins of forts on the summit; the highest is 2000 feet. They have some resemblance to the Malvern hills.

Another fine view of Drackenfels is from the large island of Rolandswerder, within two English miles of the mountain. On it stands an uninhabited convent; and this with the island form the front, the castle and rocky hill of Drackenfels the back ground; and on the left is a wooded hill, with an old arch on the summit, the only remains of the castle of Rolandseck.

It is said that Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, built this castle above the convent, that he might be near his mistress, who became a nun!

[*To be continued in our next.*]

Chit Chat.

AN ENORMOUS PUNCH BOWL.

On the 25th of October, 1694, a bowl of punch was made at the Right Honourable Edward Russel's House, when he was Captain General and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's forces in the Mediterranean seas. It was made in a fountain, in a garden, in the middle of four walks, all covered over head with lemon and orange trees, and in every walk was a table, the whole length of it covered with cold collations, &c. In the said fountain were the following ingredients, viz. four hogsheads of brandy, eight hogsheads of water, twenty gallons of lime juice, twenty-five thousand lemons, thirteen hundred weight of fine Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs, three hundred toasted biscuits, and lastly a pipe of mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy, built to keep off the rain; and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain, and filled the cups of the company; and in all probability more than six thousand men drank thereof.

A monument was last week placed in the chancel of the parish church, Preston, in memory of the unfortunate youths, whose untimely fate excited so deep a sensation in that town and neighbourhood, in the spring of last year. It bears the following inscription:

In Memory of
Henry William Hulton, aged 21 years,
Nicholas Charles Grimshaw, aged 20 years,
George Henry Grimshaw, aged 17 years,
And Joseph Kay, aged 20 years,
Who
In a moment of youthful en'oyment,
Were drowned in the River Ribble,
By the oversetting of a boat,
On the 24th day of April, A. D. 1822.
Several of their friends and companions,
Have united to erect this Monument,
In testimony of their deep concern,
And
With a desire to perpetuate the salutary impression
Of this truly awful dispensation.

They sailed in hope, but they returned no more;
Youth, health, and pleasure, cheered them on the way;
Brief was the voyage, yet they reached a shore
Beyond the seaman's track, ere close of day.
Low in the grave their ashes slumber now:
Reader, their days are numbered—Where art thou?
Though on the stream of time thy vessel glide,
And pure as heaven the waters seem to roll,
Ere long, in calm or tempest, shall the tide
Cast on a land unknown thy naked soul:
Ah! then, when life and death no more shall be,
Where, reader, wilt thou spend eternity?

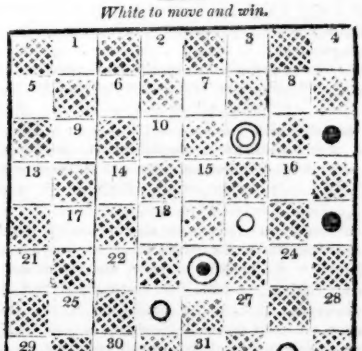
Fortunate Tiff.—One of the richest men in England is the Rev. Mr. Hughes, formerly a poor clergyman, but now said to possess a revenue of between 70 and £80,000 a-year. Some years ago, he was in part proprietor of a barren piece of land, for which Lord Uxbridge was then in treaty. The purchase money (a very small sum) was agreed upon; but the Nobleman not keeping his appointment one day to finish the business, the commoner, in a tiff, would not give him another meeting. On the above mentioned barren piece of ground were subsequently discovered the rich Anglesea copper-mines, from which Mr. Hughes draws his enormous income.

CRITICAL SITUATIONS IN Draughts.

SITUATION LXXX.

(Number 61 of Sturges.)

White to move and win.



THE PLAY.

w. 11—15	w. 32—27
b. 23—30	WHITE WINS.

Correspondence.

[SEE A NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.]

FALSE FACTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—At club, a little dark-looking gentleman started up in the midst of a spirited discussion, and declared that nothing but consummate ignorance could imagine a fact to be false. "*Factum*, Sir," said he, "is a thing done, and therefore cannot be false; but, on the contrary, *true* to all intents and purposes." "But supposing," rejoined his opponent, "I should refer you to some of the best speakers and most elegant writers in the English language for a confirmation of what I have asserted; where would you be then, Mr. Impudence? I can say, for your information, that Junius, in a letter to Sir William Draper, makes use of the expression, '*your* facts are false:' Lord Chatham also says 'the facts are false:' Addison says, 'the facts are false:' Steel says, 'the facts are false:' and I do not hesitate to say that several other respectable literary characters might be found to prove that,—to which you deny the possibility of proof."

This was, certainly, to me, the most singular topic I had ever heard discussed; and, as the matter was not fairly disposed of, perhaps you will indulge me, in the next *Kaleidoscope*, with a line or two of

Thursday evening. "YOUR IDEAS."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I must confess you made a very able dissertation on my question as to sounding the letter *r*; but at the same time I think it was quite uncalled for: had you been requested, you might have passed an opinion, but not otherwise; for a letter, on any subject, in public print, is received but unfavourably when commented upon by the editor on its first appearance. Yet, Sir, it seems your remarks have not had the effect I concluded upon; for, in the following number (that is, yesterday's) there appeared no correspondent who agreed with you; indeed, no note on the subject, except *Bedfordite*; and in whose favour that is, appears plainly to your constant reader,

February 19, 1823. ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I did not read this week's *Kal.* until yesterday evening, when I observed a letter signed *Bedfordite*, to which I wish to reply, unless you or some of your correspondents who are better qualified have taken the trouble of doing so.

When I first perused the remarks of *Bedfordite* I was inclined to think they came from *English* himself; if not, the latter can hardly feel obliged to his new ally for the lame attempt he has made to defend him; so lame, indeed, that I would advise *English* to consider *Bedfordite* as a wolf in sheep's clothing, who, under the pretence of defending, only throws greater ridicule on his inquiry. Will *Bedfordite* seriously say, that, because our Hibernian neighbours are so vulgar as to say *storrum* and *warrum*, we must (alarmed at the danger we are in, from our proximity) fly to the opposite extreme, and say *stawm* and *wawm*, which is inevitable if we do not sound the *r*. *Bedfordite* argues, that, as the sound depends on a nice distinction, not easily attainable (he should have said to *his* organs) we may, though there is no rule for it, omit the sound of *r*. I would ask, do not all beauties and perfections in language depend on nice distinctions? And are those who cannot acquire them to expect others who can will give them up? Since *Bedfordite* acknowledges there is no rule for the omission, I would advise *English* to read impartially Walker's remarks on the letter *r*, in his pronouncing dictionary, where there is an explanation of the two sounds of that letter; and I doubt not he will be enabled to acquire them: however, if he should fail, I hope he will not endeavour to make converts to the murderous plans of destroying the *r*, lest I should be under the necessity of addressing you as

Mista Editaa,
Youa humble seavant,
DICKY SAM, AND NO HIBERNIAN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The French papers have lately said a great deal about the anecdotes drawn from the letters of the Duchess of Orleans, sister-in-law of Louis XIV. and mother of the Regent.

It must be allowed that the book contains much interesting matter; but it is a mere *reprint*, since I have a copy in my possession which was published in 1788, and which states all that I have till hitherto seen extracted from the new edition.

A publication which is not likely to be reprinted, contains, amongst other curiosities, the annexed refutation of our present planetary system;* and if it should appear incredible that any body could ever reason in such a manner, I have only to add, that a patriotic Frenchman did, in the same year, oppose inoculation on the following grounds:

1st. Because it came from heretical countries, and could, therefore, do no good to the subjects of his most Christian Majesty.

2d. Because it would preserve a great number of handsome faces, and ought, on that account, to be looked upon as a most dreadful calamity, considering the bad use which was generally made of beauty, and the greater frequency with which temptation would assail even the righteous.—I am, respectfully, PEREGRINE.

Liverpool, February 10, 1823.

* This is inadmissible.—*Edit.*

THE WEATHER.

[*Continued from our three last publications.*]

The late storm has been much greater on the Yorkshire Wolds, than ever was remembered; all communications between many of the villages have been cut off for several days. Commercial men have experienced the greatest inconvenience, some detained six and eight days.

Crows.—The late severe weather has put the crows to their shifts as well as their neighbours, and for several days past they were observed on some trees, skirting a nursery at Milburn, Inverness, in deep and ominous consultation. From their croaking, and the direction of their flight, it was discovered that the object of their meditated attack was a heap of potatoes covered in a field in front of their position. A general attack was at last resolved upon and commenced, and by the indefatigable exertion of beak and claws the snow was in two days removed, and the potatoes unearthed. The ebon hosts have ever since continued to riot upon the spoils of their sagacity and industry. It is something singular that the crows knew potatoes to be lodged there; and knowing this got at them. Whether or not their sagacity extended to the circumstance of the miller, the owner of these same potatoes, being from home, and that there was no one left to protect his property, and debate the rights of possession with them, is left to naturalists to determine—but such is the fact.—*Scotch paper.*

Two shepherds, with their flocks of about 200 sheep, have perished in the snow, near the bridge of Dye.—*Edinburgh Observer.*

To Correspondents.

SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER.—It is our intention, either next week, or the succeeding Tuesday, to present our readers with another supplementary half-sheet, gratis. We shall do this in order to bring up certain arrears, and to enable us to devote a column or two to Mr. Roscoe's interesting work on Penal Jurisprudence, and also the new tragedy of Sebastian, by Mr. Booth, written by another of our fellow-townsmen. Some of our correspondents, whose favours we have already acknowledged, will find that they have not been overlooked in this supplement.

Philo R.'s letter is written rather in the spirit of a prig than of a gentleman. He assumes two "false facts," if we may adopt a doubtful phrase, sanctioned by high authority, as stated by a correspondent in a preceding column. *Philo* is wrong in both his points. The first article to which he alludes was noticed in the *Kaleidoscope*, with the sole view of promoting the sale of the work in question; it was also done with the entire approbation of the author of the original. With respect to the work about to be reviewed, or analysed, the worthy and intelligent author has also been consulted on the point; and any notice we may think proper to take of his interesting work, is undertaken with his sanction and approbation. We have only further to observe, to our captious and prejudging correspondent, that we stand in no need of his further advice, and still less of any assistance from such a quarter in the conduct of our work. He wants one requisite, which is essential even to the compiler of any respectable miscellany, and that is candour. Query:—Is he not a disappointed author, or poet, respecting whose merits he and we have happened to differ on some occasion?

Z's acceptable "Truce to Politics" shall be given next week, together with the erratum noticed. Are we to understand that the translation is original? not that the circumstance is of much importance: we should, however, be glad to know it.

FALSE FACTS.—Notwithstanding the high authorities adduced by our correspondent, we cannot regard this phrase in any other light than as an indefensible solicism, or colloquial abbreviation, meaning, as we presume, that the assumed, or alleged facts, are false. Junius is certainly very high authority; no authority, however, can sanction what is in itself wrong, and that eloquent writer has himself especially warned us against being misled by precedents. What his precise words are we do not recollect, but, in substance, they are these: "Because nothing is more dangerous than precedent: what is precedent to-day may become law to-morrow." We are of opinion, however, that the term "false facts," if introduced in writing, may be rendered correct by the aid of typographical signs. Thus, if A roundly asserts that to be a fact which is otherwise, it would not be incorrect in B, in refuting him, to write, "Your 'FACTS' are false;" because the inverted commas clearly indicate that B does not mean that they are facts, but that A has so called them. Still we think that it would be preferable, in all such cases, to bear in mind the old saying, that, "The furthest way about is sometimes the nearest way home;" and, therefore, it would have been better had B said, that, "What A had assumed as facts were not such," or that "His alleged facts were no facts at all," &c.

ALLITERATION.—At the request of a *Constant Reader* we have assigned a place to a whimsical piece called "The Siege of Belgrade," wherein the whole alphabet is alliteratively treated in a style which entitles the author to a very eminent station amongst the professors of literary trifling. We shall in a short time present our readers with some other memorable specimens of literary absurdities, of which we shall here introduce one from the "Curiosities of Literature:"—"The Greeks composed lypogramatic works, in which one letter of the alphabet was omitted. Thus Tryphisdarus wrote his Odyssey;—no A in the first book; no B in the second; and so on to the end!!!"—And in the *Ecloga de Calvis*, of Hugbald, the monk, all the words begin with C.

An Old Pupil will perceive that we have at length introduced "The Goose," by the late Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Clitheroe. The original MS. with which he has favoured us, is somewhat indistinct; but we hope to be able to decypher it.

We have further to acknowledge *Frank—M. M. W.*

We have just received *Septimus—Nathan—Notary's Clerk.*

Letters or parcels not received, unless free of charge.

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